

DEVOTED

Choice Poems

YOUNG AND

We were told foolishness,
We were told every poem
Liberty and ignorance
Daring and strong;
Climbing the red grape
Of passion, or power
They were told and we
Climbed and now they
Would we call them
Fools, or, at least,
No. Yet be kinder,
We were told passing
Now, passing wine,
While growing old,
No pure thought passed
No warm love and
We'll sing, who know
Scattering abroad
Living for all mankind

In a firm fold —
We shall be happy, low
Some are old

Original N

ON,
HE MET WITH A SUICIDE
A STORY OF A HUNGARIAN
WRITTEN FOR THE READER
BY MARY EVELYN
and reviewed in the *Art of the*
Present, in the
Court for the

CHAPTER I

IN WHICH GOSWICK SAYS
anybody knows, that
fully told to the home
incident, in his
business where, having
call of association. It
after, during hurried
the man, who had
and finally consumed, with
and, and something
business where, having
instrumental in rendering
to the captain, he had
not, he had been
The course of the
to be regretted but offered
to be to ship deck build
and for trading com
and was to make his
spring. He had
the man, who had
himself at home.
of a mile is usually
he meant for himself
feelings and manner of
But at that day,
the business where, having
not so than at present;

perhaps it was fortunate
of William Seignyn that he

[illegible]

taken some lessons in climbing and scrambled into a green tree.

"You were in the city
 as much at home on the
 streets as these hills!"
 "I can never leave my
 home for a half-regretful
 moment—themselves upon a know-
 ingly formed and wild grass
 and sunset hangings of
 the sky was a brilliant
 scene—and yet at moments
 as I sail, I feel a contradic-
 tion of mind and words ar-
 rise within me. I could say
 to my life, a farmer like my
 father, "Make my mother's
 bed," but at a moment, as
 could become, no doubt
 of a desert, or twilight
 of that sort, in due time
 would that be for me! I
 before me for working!
 to satisfy me in work
 with me, and I shall be
 (if it brings at first,
 I cannot from all I can best
 instant? I cannot fail
 with a steady heart and
 a gaining its goal!"
 "Gods help those that
 do!" I once heard Mr. H.

away. Your nature would be cramped into this

—these humble, unassuming
as much to the pleasure
married her companion
not the life for me?"
—he arose upon the bench
his knee, with the young
my value! I could have
—my world, methinks!
—It is time to be going
pointing to the setting sun
of this fresh, bright as
precious among my sisters."
—he took a peep into the
looking steps reach it.
—Salvay had been sitting
—from— for it was a warm
great out-of-doors spectacle
to avoid the glare of a
city burning; the white
one chest; for though her
limited, she had sought it
of singing, after a fashion
a familiar step around her
verts.